

3/7/90

Mr. William F. Ryan
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Sear Bill,

You are a good cartoonist, too!

Only I remember more hair!

Several friends have been pressing me to write about myself recently and back in 1965, the poet Muriel Ruckeyser, who I'd not seen in about 25 years, urged me to keep a journal. I had neither the time nor the interest for a journal and I'm too tired, among other things, for much writing, and had I the energy, it would not go into writing about myself. So you won't see that one. Interesting that you say this at just the time these dear friends of my youth want me to go autobiographical.

However, I've combined a bit of both in reminiscing in letters to a few of my older friends. Both ways friends from more than a half-century ago and older than I by a few years. So, for the archive, I'm leaving a few words.

This reminds me: some years ago when I was in the news and before they changed the title from "Potomac" to "The Washington Post Weekly" a staff reporter did a long piece on me. I never saw it. Ben Bradlee, he told me, killed it. And he quit.

Not Bradlee, the reporter.

I last ^hheard from Hal right after the earthquake. I wrote him after that but he's not responded. He made no reference to his work on the book but I did gather that his regular job is keeping him busy.

If he feels competitive, he's not indicated it to me.
He had no damage from the earthquake.

But he did have to walk home because of it. Not far, he said. He was at work when it hit.

Hope all is going well with you, plural.

We are about as good as we can be, thanks.

Best wishes,

Harold